

## HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

From feeding the fires on one of those freight hogs which go pounding past the snow lines over the divide of the Rockies to the throat of an army locomotive chugging along the valley of the Loire—this is the change war brought to Roger Bowers, of Laramie, Wyoming, whose life had been bounded by the Mississippi and the Great Salt Lake up until the time when he came to France a year ago.

Roger Bowers was the first American soldier to drive a locomotive in France, and today, after one year on his 48-hour run between a base and the interior, he is famed through the length and breadth of the Loire Valley.

For Roger Bowers has a friend every crossing and every siding stop. Every Frenchman in the railroad yards and on the French trains knows the tall and thin chauffeur américain with the sandy hair, freckled face and wide mouth, whose Adam's apple is the wonderment of the countryside in the frankness with which he roams about on his neck above the Army shirt. They like his smile and the way he has grafted his Wyoming drawl on to the French language.

The men in the fields and the women in the farmhouses know the time when his big engine will come rolling along and they wave their hands to him, and he waves back or answers with the whistle. Or maybe he starts the whistling for back from a curve, and madame in her kitchen and all the garçons and les petites hastily come out of the doorway and start down for the sliding with their arms full of apples and pears and cakes and bunches of grapes. It's a lucky fireman who travels with Roger Bowers.

At Transportation Department Headquarters they tell of the day an American engineer took an American locomotive and American freight cars equipped with air brakes out on the line and ran at full speed toward a block set against him. Up toward the stopping place a half dozen French yard-men stopped amazed as the big locomotive came on with unchecked speed. They were astonished as the train showed no signs of slowing up.

The engineer had a glimpse of them dancing and waving their arms frantically as he put on the air and brought the train to the usual stop in front of the block.

For some time thereafter that engineer had the reputation of a madman, until the Frenchmen found out it was only mechanism that had stopped the train so quickly.

A prince of Prussia—genuineness guaranteed—who had rapturized his way through Munich or Heidelberg, bullied poor old cobblers and kept up generally the standing of his house, four hundred ruffled, but in a camp of German officers, somewhere in the S.O.S. zone.

An American captain, an engineering designer, who had been born in Switzerland and spoke German perfectly, was trying to extract military information from the line of prisoners taken at last the night of the royal lieutenant.

"Guten morgen, lieutenant," observed the American officer pleasantly.

The Prussian made a noise deep down in his throat, and his lips shook with a rolling, guttural exclamation of disgust.

"Address me as 'Your Royal Highness,'" his chair roared the captain. "How dare you address a superior officer in that manner? Remember you are only a lieutenant."

The interview proceeded satisfactorily.

The Q.M.C. is shaking hands with itself again on this cargo-saving stunt. They're leaving the soup bones behind in the United States now, and refrigerator vessels are bringing tons of boneless beef to France. The experiment has worked very well, although dubious cooks think the next plan may be to send all fresh ground hamburger steak.

Pigs and finance have taken hold of the imaginations of the officers at S.O.S. headquarters. The Wallingford group of the man who had all figured out that by missing rats and cats on one farm, slaughtering them for their pelts, and feeding the rats on the cats and the cats on the rats, in an endless chain system, so that all the promoter would have to do would be to boss a squad of skinkers and keep track of the book-keeping of his bank account, had nothing on the genius behind the S.O.S. pig fund scheme.

The pig fund prospectus sounds like a get-rich-quick advertisement—how to turn 60 francs into 300 francs in a few months. Officers form clubs to buy pigs at 60 francs each. The pigs are kept on the S.O.S. headquarters farms and fed largely on the waste from company kitchens. When they are full-grown and fattened the Q.M.C. buys them at 300 francs each, and the money goes into the mess fund.

The best part of it is that the companies get the dressed pigs as part of their meat ration.

The people who know just how "we" did it, just what officer was "a bum to do like he done," just what officer or man "had it" when the pinch came, just how the plan of attack could have been bettered and what a shame it was "we" had to dig in where we did when we had 'em on the run and could have pushed 'em right on to Saengerkrautland, etc., etc., are the hospital orderlies and nurses.

They hear nothing else from morning to night, and they're always coming back for more.

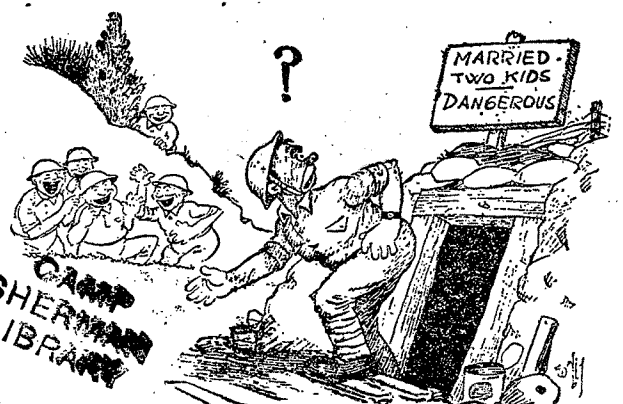
The three of them were going on leave, and anxious to save as much as possible of their three-days' going-down time. They were traveling on an accommodation train which didn't go very fast anyway and which, on this particular day, was continually being shunted and shoved aside to allow other trains to pass.

"Drop trains, trains full of ravitaillement, trains full of ammunition, of motor parts, of gun carriages, of clothing, of everything whizzed past the open window of their compartment. Finally, after a particularly long wait, they heard the engine toot.

With a sigh of "At last we're off," they sank back against the cushions, only to be brought up with a jerk as the train was halted again. And on past them sped a train composed exclusively of vats and barrels, barrels and vats, the labels on which left no doubt as to the fluid contained therein. "Hell fire and damnation!" stormed the grumpiest of the three. "I don't mind being considered inferior to a horse, or a field kitchen, or a bunch of shels, or a load of hay, or even a mule. But, by the jumping Judas, when they put you down as lower than vin rouge, I call that laying it on a bit too thick!"

## HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING THAT YOU ARE CONSIDERED GUILTY OF MATRIMONY UNTIL YOU ARE PROVED INNOCENT



"Some guy had put a sign up over my dugout"

Dear pal Henry: Well Henry, if the colonel took all the top sergeants of this regiment out here somewhere and auctioned them off I wouldn't give dees soos for the best one he has got. And what's more Henry if I was made a top cutter tomorrow morning at 8 a. m. by 8:10 a. m. I would be finished. I would hang myself or go out where a German sniper could plug me.

Henry since I come back from the casual camp I been insulted a dozen times I bet. Henry I'm a married man and I got 2 kids and I ain't been sending my wife any allotment and I didn't take no insurance out for her and she owes a grocery bill and a milk bill which she can't pay because of that.

Now Henry if I ever married anybody it would be Maggie and I guess I ain't got no show there anymore since that old shacker hick lawyer Timmons is taking her to dances and everything since I been over here in France. And you know Maggie ain't got no kids and don't owe no milk bill etc. If she has got 2 kids Henry she must have had twins all at once and I ain't to blame for it.

Yesterday Henry the top calls me into his dugout and says they what you trying to pull off anyhow. Ain't you ever going to send that poor little wife of ours anything to live on. Why in hell ain't you made her an allotment etc, and a lot of other things like that.

Well Henry I nearly fell over dead. I ain't got no wife I says.

Don't lie to me the top says. You cough up up a price. And I'll take about ten years growth out of you. Then he shoved a allotment blank out for me to fill out.

Now Henry can you imagine that dam bully making me sign away a lot of money to some woman who ain't my wife and whose kids ain't mine. I would see him in hell first Henry.

Well Henry he took me over to the skipper and says to the skipper here's a bum who has got a wife and 2 kids and don't want to give her a red cent. Then he showed the skipper a letter from the war dept, which says I have got a family and that I ain't made no allotment.

What's all this fuss about the skipper says.

It ain't about me I says I ain't got no wife and 2 kids.

Well how many kids have you got then the skipper says one or ten.

Well Henry that was a hell of a way for the skipper himself to talk to me. I

## MOTORCYCLES AID IN SPEEDING D.S.C.

Division Commanders May  
Bestow Cross on Seriously Wounded

Division commanders whose troops are in the line will be given a supply of Distinguished Service Crosses as one step in the plan announced in G.O. 144 to expedite the award and presentation of the decoration.

More than that, immediately after any considerable action, recommendations in the most worthy and well-attested cases deserving the cross will be sent to G.H.Q. by motorcycle message, addressed to the Personnel Bureau direct.

Arrived at G.H.Q. the recommendations will be acted on immediately, and a reply will be sent division commanders either stating that the C-in-C. will himself present the crosses at a specified time within five days or authorizing division commanders to present them at once. All except the most urgent and worthy cases will follow the present rule. In cases where the D.S.C. has been clearly merited and the intended recipient is so seriously wounded as to be in danger of death, the division commander is authorized to award and present the cross in the name of the C-in-C, reporting his action, together with the citation and the number of the cross presented, as soon as practicable.

In all cases a certificate will be sent to G.H.Q., signed by the divisional chief of staff or adjutant general, stating that the cross has been presented and giving the name of each recipient and the number of his cross.

An engraved copy of the citation will be presented each recipient of the Medal of Honor or the D.S.C.

## CONTROL POSTS AT WORK

To minimize the misuse of motor vehicles and to assist the Provost Marshal in the enforcement of the orders regarding travel and the use of motor cars for official purposes only, control posts have been established in the Advance Section, S.O.S. and other places. The men in charge of these posts will stop all American motor vehicles, except those occupied by general officers, to make sure that the occupants are traveling under proper authority and have the required identity cards.

The pink pass for drivers of all pneumatic tired vehicles and the identity cards for officers will be required.

## A FEAT OF CENSORING

Sergeant David Proctor, of New York, actor and song writer, at present an M.P. in London, has just written a hymn entitled "The Kingdom of God," the words of which are by an aunt. He took the script to an officer to have it looked over for posting to America. Now the title page reads:

"The Kingdom of God." Censored by 2nd Lieut. Joseph Prueger, O.D.

"Thirty-five hundred miles away from home?" remarked a New England sergeant. "Where do they get that stuff? Ain't I getting my doughnuts twice a day right up here in the front?"

## AERIAL OBSERVERS KEEP OLD RATINGS

Placed on Equal Footing  
With Other Air Service  
Officers

Aerial observers, upon successfully completing their training in Air Service schools, are to receive official rating as observers and be recommissioned in the Air Service in the same grades that they held in their own branches of the service, according to Bulletin 63.

This means that observers are placed on a footing of absolute equality with other officers of the Air Service as regards command, promotion and pay.

The observer personnel now attached to the Air Service will be given an opportunity to transfer to the Air Service. Those, however, who prefer to remain in their original arms will continue to serve with the Air Service until they can be replaced by Air Service personnel. The Chief of Air Service must approve applications for return to the original arm.

Observers promoted to grades in their arms above that of captain will be returned to their original organizations or given positions of responsibility in the Air Service suitable to their grades.

Officers in any branch of the Service who desire to be trained as aerial observers are asked to submit applications through proper channels, stating preference for airplane or balloon observation. Commanding officers are asked to endorse on these applications their estimates of the applicants' qualifications.

## KEEPING UP WITH MARINES

U.S. Marines in France who are in hospitals or on detached duty should forthwith their names, rank, and state last organizations to which attached, together with present addresses, to the Chief Paymaster, U.S. Marines, A.P.O. 702, in order that they may receive their pay and mail promptly.

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## SUNDAY PAPERS ECONOMIZE SPACE

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of War, With Figures  
in Millions

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]  
AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The newspapers cut down their space Sunday, causing disaster to apartment house janitors, who thereby lose heavily on their opulent Monday revenue from the tons of waste paper, but there was no violent suffering otherwise.

The Sunday papers still had space enough left to print full society items from France, and your charming entertainment of the visiting Germans enables us to miss without a pang the romantic household hints and other thrilling Sunday features.

The newspapers haven't been needing much space anyway. During the past few months this country, except for war work, appears to have become as placid as a cow pasture. There has been almost a total drought of murders, divorces and engaging swindles. The greater part of the newspapers reads like statistical Government reports on ships, coal, steel, money, men, everything in millions, encouraging but bewildering.

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